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especially to be recognized by the expression of gentle amazement in the luminous eyes of his personages"; these only occur when his interest flags. But what he meant by calling Crivelli "a man of aristocratic temper who combined magnificence with elegance and gaiety" is a harder question. Few lovers of Crivelli would agree to it.

In a book of this sort the connoisseur wants opinions, the learner wants facts. In brief, both want ideas. Ideas are rarer than facts in these pages. The most striking one is that the author holds a brief for the *baroque* style. He says: "The Middle Ages may be regarded as the winter-time of art, the Renaissance as the spring; the *baroque* period was in very truth the summer, with its heat, its dense vegetation, its hurricanes, and, we may perhaps add, with its languor." "Even if we condemn the conception and form of individual works we must recognize its perfect and superb decorative propriety and its vivid and vital portraiture." Now there can be only two reasons for praising that entirely objectionable style; sheer dearth of matter and desperate desire for eccentricity, or a liking perfectly genuine, but in no way laudable. Signor Ricci is sincere, and we can only regret that he wastes his admiration and his space, for when he does touch on a great age he can do something admirable and when he pauses he can say something happy—the pages, for instance, on the castles and courts of the Emilia or the note on Pavia: "Like Oxford in relation to London and Padua in relation to Venice, the Lombard city flourished as an asylum of peace for those devoted to study. The favor of political and commercial life, the animation of the populace and the tyranny of luxury, made it desirable in Milan, as in London and in Venice, to fix the seat of learning away from the tumultuous and self-indulgent center."

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGRAVING. By FREDERICK KEPPEL. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

The new book by Mr. Keppel, "which contains the collected writings of a lifetime and nearly all on one subject," as he says himself in the preface, is, like that of last year, before all else the expression of a personality. Of his essay on *The Golden Age of Engraving*, reprinted as a pamphlet from *Harper's Magazine* in the later seventies with its ineffectual clumsy woodcuts, a good many copies must survive among the dusty piles of cherished pamphlets that every collector stores away; and some of the other essays, like that on Meryon, have long held honorable place on the collector's shelves among the other charming Keppel booklets. But a great part of the volume must be new to most readers, many of the illustrations a surprise to all. They afford a fresh pleasure at every return. It is not too much to say that they are altogether admirable. If there were no other reason to prize this volume they would make it a permanent and secure delight. Such blacks as in Waltner's *Philosopher* or Cameron's *Gateway, Bruges*; or Cousin's *Master Lambton*; such atmosphere as in Pennell's *Toledo Bridge*, or Legro's *Canal* or Whistler's *Nocturnes Palaces*; such force as in Legro's *Dalou* or Bracquemond's *Legros*; such plastic quality as in the portrait of Edmond de Goncourt or MacLaughlan's *Cypress Grove* one does not expect except from the precious print itself. It is a book on which to form one's taste: to learn first to love prints and then to understand them. Mere collecting, brutal possession, has

small place in it. Knowledge, discrimination, sensitiveness—nothing is wanting to form the amateur in the old and noble sense of the word. Rarer and more desirable even than the proof priceless of Rembrandt Leaning on a Sword, of which only four impressions are known to exist, is the personality that informs it, that tempts one to affirm not only that nothing in the world matters except the kind of person you are, but even to go on and assert that this is the only kind of person to be. The indifference to mere ownership is so characteristic, the slight stress on mere rarity, the constant emphasis on sheer beauty. The passion for perfection breathes through it, the insatiable delight in all the various loveliness of dry-point and line engraving, mezzotint and etching. The personal talk is as fresh and wholesome as an old man's cheek and flavored like a winter apple. The temper is genial, but crisp like an October morning. One wishes there were more of the personal talk. One wants to know more about early print-selling in New York long ago and singing in Trinity choir. Through these pages blow airs as from an elder world and a larger life; the prints, the verse, the music, would fill up not unworthily days in the city of Mr. Pepys or of Sir Joshua or of Charles Lamb. Has that rare gift we call charm grown all but extinct that we should be so grateful to meet it again? Charm and taste and wit—how can we not be grateful to meet them again, married as they are to learning and *expertise*? *Naïveté* which is never fatuous, wit which is never insolent, familiarity which is never tedious—who is to do justice to these? The world owes Mr. Keppel an incomparable biography, but wherever else could be found a nature apt enough and happy enough to write the biography? In truth, the author owes the world a biography and free play for the kindly humor and the witty charity that have watched life go by so beautifully.

“Plain human speech, some simple law of life,
A little tillage, household arts a few;
The law of rectitude o'ercoming strife,
Things clean and sane, the simple and the true.”

It is impossible to leave the subject of wit without quoting some bits from the essay entitled *Pitfalls for Translators*—dry, discreet, and irresistible. The essay, it should be said, offers simply the correct rendering of some French words frequently mistranslated. “*Avis*, not advice, but opinion. Also a public notice or warning or the prefatory note to a book. *Brave*, honest, worthy, good-hearted, not necessarily courageous. *Bureau*, an office for the transaction of business, never a chest of drawers. *Caractère*, one's natural temper or disposition, not one's reputation or moral qualities. *Condition*, a person's state in life. Never means the state of preservation or completeness of a thing. *Défense*, a formal interdiction or prohibition, not the defending of a thing. *Honnête*, civil, well-mannered. *Malhonnête*, uncivil, rude, *probité*, is the French equivalent for honesty. *Instruction*, often the legal inquiring into a crime. *Malin*, not malign, but sharp and clever. *Misère*, extreme poverty only. The word does not describe other sorts of misery. *Note*, a bill, an account to be paid; never a short letter. *Offre*, a gift, an offering. *Offrir* means to give unconditionally. *Prétendre*, to assert formally, to claim as a right. This word (a specially dangerous one to some translators) never means to simulate. *Sacre* rarely means

sacred, much oftener means cursed. *Spirituelle* (as an adjective), witty, intellectually delicate and expert. This word can rarely be translated spiritual." Selection is hard. One would like to transcribe the whole and offer it as a test for delicate perception of irony. One more must suffice. "*Vacation*, the time occupied by some public function. The word never means a holiday."

THE WHISTLER BOOK. By SADAKICHI HARTMANN. Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1910.

"*The Whistler Book*. A Monograph of the Life and Position in Art of James McNeill Whistler, together with a Careful Study of his more Important Works" and "with fifty-seven reproductions of Mr. Whistler's most important works," is all that the title-page promises and, further, is interesting in more ways than the author suspects. Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann writes a better English than the average American, but when he makes a slip he has no way to know it and is at the mercy of his printer. A friend should read his proofs not only to weed out such obvious misprints as "*Les Hortenses Bleus*" and *Meyrion* for Meryon, Mr. *Watts-Denton*, and *ex-patriots* (this last is deliciously to the point!), but to correct the places where the dropping or intrusion of a little word has spoiled the sense; "he was one of the (most) true fearless champions that art ever had," or "his drawing (of a) coat gave him infinite trouble," or "no one ever shrank more from (the) thought or the mention of death." Again, at times the diction is inadequate to the thought. "He at all times practised more 'manner' than manners; his language had at times an irritating touch of rudeness and coarseness." The upshot is that no one can be sure of himself in a language he was not born to. Mr. Hartmann conveys his meaning, and it behooves no man to smile at the expression lest he wonder in his own heart how many times he has insulted his hosts abroad or his guests at home when he was meaning to be civil or witty or graceful in a strange tongue.

Though he writes as an American, Mr. Hartmann brings a foreigner's way to other matters than the English idiom. He has the inestimable advantage of understanding the art of the East as well as that of the West, and he has a new and good point of view. He admires Whistler, for instance, extravagantly, but not blindly. On the contrary, his simplicity and candor are amazing. The passage about the manners is one example or that in which he says, "He was somewhat of a snob and a *précieux* like his friend Comte Montesquiou," and another is the phrase about "his colossal vanity and egotism." A disciple so downright is rather terrifying. But his praise is ardent, and though sometimes keyed pretty high rarely on analysis proves quite so extravagant as it sounds. "He will always live in the history of art as being the first man who combined the beauties of Eastern design with the principles of Western art" is probably true. So is the paragraph that precedes it: "What is most to be admired technically in Whistler is the frugality, the thinness of his brush-work; that, despite the low pitch and flatness of his color tints, reveals an astounding variety, subtlety, and virility, a vibrancy that seems to radiate from the canvas. For unobtrusiveness of paint Whistler has few rivals. In comparison with him Monet seems a plebeian and Sargent a sleight-of-hand performer. He combines the fanaticism of a perfect technique with the search for truth